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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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GEO. O. BARNES in ENGLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E., Dec 29, '83.

Dear Interior:

(Continued from last issue.)

Returning to the "Barracks," where the "workers" live, at 60 Commercial street (going out of the way myself with a brother to have a look down Petticoat Lane, which, like the other two streets above mentioned, Jeggars (all description) we sat down to a comfortable, but very plain dinner in the 4th story dining-room, raised for a little while above the clatter of the street and the sights and sounds of sin and misery. The sleeping apartments are in the 3d story, being a lot of deal partitioned snuggeries, hardly above the dignity of bunks, but quite good enough for these dear women, who esteem it "all jay" to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." One of these noble workers has her lovely villa at the seaside, which she has not been in for years, preferring for Jesus' sake a bunk in the Barracks in the slums of East London, if only this she "may save some."

"The Crowning Day is Coming" and by. At 2 o'clock I preached and the girls sang to a woman's meeting of 200 or more in the large room appropriated for Sunday-school. In fact it was an adult Sunday-school, followed by one for the children later on in the evening. It was a precious meeting and a number of confessions of the dear name of Jesus, but I may not halt to speak particularly of it. For I must come to the third service of the day, and, interesting as I am sure my readers will pardon me of mention, even should it make my letter longer than usual. At 6 o'clock the "Lodging House" are visited. A brother, who knew the work, took Willie off to one speaking to one inmates, while Miss McInerney claimed the girls and myself for a service at another.

Punching down a narrow, dirty street, ill paved and badly lighted, we turned at right angle into another still narrower, dirtier and more forbidding, until we halted in front of a dingy building of brick with "Licensed Lodging House" over the door in half obliterated letters, and, together passed the low portal through a filthy vestibule, where a portly man was holding a weeping woman in his arms, her face covered with blood and she vainly struggling to get away. A fight had just occurred, with some other dreadful creature, male or female, and a little crowd of lookers were saying this and that in excited tones, as they sided with one or the other. Pushing our way unmolested through this introductory gathering, we entered a long, low celled room, ell-shaped, with three large grates on one side with fires in full blast and sundry parties cooking food or boiling water for tea, thereat, while on the other, stalls, not unlike short church pews, only double, with benches facing and backs a little higher than the modern style, holding six each, three on a side. Perhaps 40 or 50 of these in all and about an average of four in each on the present occasion. At the corner of the ell a little cabinet organ had been placed. Some of the men looked on curiously, but the greater part took no notice, evidently being familiar with this form of evangelistic invasion and quite well acquainted with our doughty captain, who went up and down the stalls speaking in a kindly familiar, but thoroughly characteristic way to the motley crew.

When Marie began to sing her gentle solo, the lodgers picked up their ears. It was a new sensation and evidently a little variation of the customary Sunday service. By the time she was done the cooking had ceased, some few laid down their pipes and all were attention and quiet. Mounting a bench in a corner stall, I began my little sermon and gave them, in substance, the same gospel as to the roughs under the archway. The dear souls listened as if for life and when I put the text of joining in the chorus of "O, Lamb of God, I Come," to all who would accept the "free gift," I suppose 50 or more joined most heartily in it. It was indeed a memorable scene. And when I asked them if they wished to come back, there was a perfect roar of "yes," and many shouted, "I wish you would come every night, sir!" We pushed our way out through a throng of well-wishers and returned to the Barracks to hear a similar good report from Willie of his meeting. Praise the LORD for this glorious day, fitly closed by another service in the Hall of the "Headquarters," where I preached a fourth sermon to an appreciative audience at 8 o'clock.

But this is long enough. I must close for lack of the mail. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

A gentleman talking the other day to a bright little five-year-old boy who lives up street, somewhere, asked him: "Do you ever fight at home?" "Oh, yes," said the boy. "Well, whom do you fight with?" "Oh, my sister." "Well, who whips?" "Oh, mama whips!"

BROTHER BOGLE'S BUDGET.

DANVILLE.

The season of frosty age is generally considered congenial to the growth of sentimentality. In the abstract this opinion is correct. But even in age memory rekindles the fires that have slumbered beneath a covering of weary years, re-illuminates the page that tells the story of youth's trials and its triumphs, re-touches the picture of life's gorgeous morning and reproduces with the vividness almost of present consciousness the enjoyments of those days. Especially around the spot where school days shed upon our path their witching light—where we first became proud actors in the mimic representation of actual life—where the buds of boyish emulation expanded into ambitious blossoms—where perchance love's hallowing influence smoothed away the asperities of a boisterous nature—where irresponsible boyhood was developed into responsible manhood—especially then, even age will pause and linger lovingly around the past.

A day spent recently in Danville brought up in lively distinctness these echoes from the tomb of time and recalled the shadows, shadows only, of those once so real, once so noted on her quiet streets. Almost an entire generation has passed away, whose living presence is so fondly pictured on memory's record. The gleesome boys, contemporaries of the writer, now wear the hoary badge of age. Here and there we meet a solitary pilgrim of a former age, waiting and watching for the signal that shall declare his life-work ended.

Among the relics of the past were noted Hon. F. T. Fox, Col. Thomas Harbee and Dr. Jackson. But from the country round many were in town nearly as old as they. The children of that former day are the busy actors now and they seem to bear the burden bravely.

One feature of Danville is still preserved. The people are still as genial, as hospitable, as intelligent as of yore. The county and circuit courts were both in session; an unusually large number of people were in town and yet there was no disorder. But two drunken men were noticed during the day and those two but slightly elevated. Thanks for courtesies extended to the INTERIOR JOURNAL are due Mr. A. Anderson, Dr. J. C. Bogle and Mr. J. G. Ake, of the Clemens House. The latter is too well-known as a host to need endorsement. He knows precisely how to make a stranger feel at home and each guest is sure of his right, like Falstaff, to "take mine ease at mine inn." I learn that the old Presbyterian church has been remodelled, and modernized, but failed to visit it, partly for want of time and mainly because I loved it in its ancient form, for the cherished associations clustering around it. The thrill of facing a Danville audience there more than forty years ago in a graduating speech is lingering still. But this is the tendency of the age; old buildings are rejuvenated—old people cremated.

AN OLD TIME BORN BRUCKING.

The amusements of the former days in Lincoln, as in all the early settlements, were less elaborate than those of the present, but certainly enjoyed with as much zest as any of the modern substitutes. We pass over the games and devices peculiar to children. Such an institution as a children's party was then unknown. Very few entertainments were given simply as social festivities. In that day of social equality and mutual dependence it was the custom to utilize the social gatherings. Thus, when the farmer had pulled his corn from the stalks, and thrown it into a heap or ridge, he invited all his neighbors to a husking frolic. These were always held at night and largely attended. Two men, generally the most nearly matched in strength and other many qualities, proceeded to "divide the pile." This was done by laying a rail across the heap as near the middle as possible and drawing lots for choice of ends, after which a long and critical examination was made by the successful competitor in order to decide as to which end contained the smallest quantity of corn and that of course was chosen. The next point was to divide the hands, which was done by the captains selecting alternately until the names were exhausted. Then began the earnest strife, each party endeavoring to finish its end in advance of the other. The captains did nothing but overlook and encourage their men and the zeal and eloquence of their hortations was frequently of a high order. Meantime the negroes, who were always present in large numbers, lightened the labor and enlivened the performance by wild, but melodious songs, sometimes handed down from a former generation, but more frequently improvised as the singer proceeded. Some one particularly gifted would carry the burden of the song and at the proper points the rest—white and black—would unite in swelling the chorus. The music rendered on these occasions with its concomitants of the open air, the dark canopy, the lighted flambeaux, the witty or pathetic interpolations and the abandon of the performers, was frequently grand beyond conception. But as the contest narrowed down the music ceased; the captains became eloquently urgent, the workers strain every nerve for victory. At length a wild exultant whoop from a hundred voices announces the termination of the conflict; a rush is made for the captain of the victorious party, who bears him on their shoulders and precipitate him on the person of his waiting adversary. A new contest now

begins to decide which is the better man in the wrestling arena and soon perhaps all the backers of each are straining in the strife in honor of their respective chiefs. The finished work is the sign for an abundant and well-prepared supper, after which (the women of the neighborhood having been waiting for the closing festivities) the old fiddle merrily calls out the dancers. The figures may not be complicated, the music may not be faultless, the costumes may not be rich or elegant, but the muscular vigor and downright good will of the performers would be refreshing in these days of puling sentiment and conventional propriety.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT

Lancaster.

—Insurance adjuster, Mr. Young, of Louisville, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Three stacks of hay belonging to Luther Gibbs were burned Saturday night. Origin of the fire is unknown.

—The Garrard Female College is a certainty. Enough money has been secured to buy the Dunlap property on Lexington street and the college will be opened next September. A chapel will be built in connection with the property as soon as circumstances permit.

—The rain and hail storm Tuesday afternoon did considerable damage to fencing in this vicinity. A number of hay stacks on John Gill's farm were blown down and scattered. The large sign on J. C. Thompson's jewelry store was blown down although firmly secured with iron rods. The smoke stack on the Lancaster Mills was bent almost double and twisted by the wind. The rain fell in torrents for a time and then followed a severe hail storm. The freeze on the same night has stopped the plowing for the present.

—A large quantity of tobacco will be raised in this county the present year. The prices during the past year were such as to induce a number of our citizens to undertake to raise crops. Your Hustonville correspondent recently advised our farmers not to deplete their blue-grass farms by raising tobacco. We have talked with several farmers upon the subject and the majority of them think tobacco land properly attended should not deteriorate. The character of our soil differs from that in the Hustonville vicinity and farms where tobacco was raised years ago are in as good a condition as those upon which hemp, wheat and corn have been produced annually.

A COLORED MAN'S ELOQUENT SPEECH.

—The most thoroughly eloquent and effective speech ever made in Texas legislature was pronounced by two negroes, and both were of the same general import—a slave's devotion to "the master and mistress." The following is an extract from one of these speeches: "There can be no great race enmity between us. This cannot come while my old master and mistress live. No nor while their children and mine survive. I knew no want of to-day or care for the morrow when I was their property. Look at those wrinkled, rough hands. They tell the tale. They tell how it oiled for them. And the story is not ended. They are old and helpless now, and live as I once did, in a little cabin, and I still toil for them. I send them half of every dollar I draw from the state treasury, and when their daughter, a beautiful and good girl, whom I used to carry when she was a child in these strong arms, was married not long ago, I sent her a check for \$1,000. Have I not the right to ask you, gentlemen of the majority, to deal generously with my race?"—[Fort Worth Gazette.]

The maximum penalty for usury, according to the French law, is six months' imprisonment, besides a fine which may be fixed at any amount. No delinquency, however, is more frequent than this, for cases of usury are coming constantly before the courts, and it may safely be presumed that not once in twenty times does a usurer have any legal troubles brought to his door by his client; thus it will be seen that the sum total of fraudulent money lending in France must be very large.

We say again, and say it boldly, that an attack of bellyache in Gerster's baby may knock our opera season h. w. and c. May the gods, ever kind to us when misfortunes threaten, stand near with parental—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Well, may I hope then, dearest, that at some time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I am sure," she replied; "I am getting tired of seeing fellows for breach of promise."

The "rotten borough" system flourishes in Connecticut. The Legislature is composed of 262 members, a large body for a small State. Each small town has a member of the House and the larger ones two.

Russia, which has an area in Europe two-thirds as large as the whole United States, with a population of more than 70,000,000, lies almost entirely north of the latitude of St. Paul.

A Blessing to All Mankind.

In those times when our newspapers are flooded with patent medicine advertisements, it is gratifying to know what to process that will certainly cure you. If you are bilious, blood out of order, liver inactive, or generally debilitated, there is nothing in the world that will cure you so quickly as Electric Bitters. They are a blessing to all mankind, and can be had for only fifty cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister's.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Rev. W. O. Cochran and family left Thursday morning for South Carolina on a visit to relatives. They will be gone several weeks, consequently there will be no preaching at New Hope Church until the third Sunday in March.

—Your compositor made a slight mistake in our last letter in regard to the whisky law. It should have been Mr. Best who was in favor of calling it, instead of Mr. Batson, for the latter gentleman is a strong temperance man and was the first to oppose the selling of whisky here.

—Misses Pattie Adams and Louisa Pullins went to Richmond on a visit this week. N. M. Shumate, J. G. Barnes, Joe Higgins and C. B. Engleman went to Cincinnati Sunday to see the big river. Mr. William Wearen has been suffering with neuralgia. Mrs. L. C. Jenkins is quite poorly with pneumonia.

—We are sorry to learn that some one on the opposite side have become offended at me because I said our town bore a bad reputation before the local option law was passed. I didn't say so to offend any one, but as I got my information from reliable persons and don't feel that I have made any mistake about the matter, I have nothing to retract.

"Protection, in a nutshell, means a right for certain classes. A little law that interferes. To help them rob the masses. The rich may put their prices high; The poor shall be compelled to buy."

A cure by the laying on of hands is reported in this city. A lad's mother cured him of going to the cake basket and capturing all the frosting. It was all effected at one sitting.

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.


Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, etc., guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose. 25c.

Papillon Skin Cure is a specific cure for all skin diseases—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rash, Indurated, Insect Bites, Inordinate Itching, Fleas, Cuts, Wounds, Burns or Scalds, and all Scrofulous Eruptions. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

We take pleasure in informing the public of the merits of Papillon Catarrh Cure. It will cure Chronic Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Nose Cold, and for Hay Fever so readily as an effective. It has cured hundreds of cases. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

Papillon Cough Cure does not contain any drugs or chemicals. It is purely vegetable. It cures Whooping Cough, Bronchial Cough, thickening in the throat, and Winter Cough so prevalent in older people. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

PAYSON'S HOE LICK is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any kind of gun for marking any game. Popular for deer, wild geese, ducks, etc. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

They who work early and late the year around, and who, in consequence, are afflicted with indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, and all the ailments of a disordered stomach, should use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, and all the ailments of a disordered stomach, and restores the system to its normal state. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

1881.

Harper's Weekly.
ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly stands at the head of American illustrated weekly journals. By its unpartisan position in politics, its admirable illustrations, its carefully chosen serials, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day, it carries instruction and entertainment to thousands of American homes. It will always be the aim of the publisher to make the Harper's Weekly the most popular and attractive family newspaper in the world, and in the pursuit of this design, to present a constant improvement in all those features which have gained for it the confidence, sympathy, and support of its large army of readers.

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Remittance should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FINE FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell privately, as a whole, or in parcels to suit purchasers, the Logan's Fort farm of 210 acres in the corporate limits of Stanford, Ky. The land fronts $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile on Danville street, is of the best soil in Kentucky, has on it a large and comfortable residence and the best spring in Lincoln county. For terms or inspection of the place, apply to Mrs. Emma Rochester on the premises, or to me at my law-office in Stanford, Ky.
Feb. 19, 84. W. G. WELCH.

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DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

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Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Books, Stationery, Liquor, Cigars, Pocket Cutlery, Oils, Soaps, Pe fumery, Tobaccoes, Fire Arms, Machin Needles.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

DISSOLUTION.

The partnership of Bruce, Warren & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent, Geo. H. Bruce & Co. buying the Clothing and A. A. Warren the Grocery Department. A. A. WARREN will meet anybody's prices and GEO. H. BRUCE & Co. especially will cut prices on some lines to reduce stock for Spring purchases.

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A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

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Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons,

Carts, Reapers, Mowers, Grain Drills, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Plows Harrows, Hay Rakes, Feed Cutters, Corn Planters,

Cider Mills, Cane Mills, Pumps, Iron Fencing, Saw Mills, Engines, Threshing Machines, Horse Belting,

And, in fact, everything pertaining to Agricultural Machinery Office and Ware Rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford

THERE were only nine killings in Kentucky during January, according to the Breckenridge News. A considerable improvement on former months. The record since September shows 114 killings.

A WOMAN at Louisville claims to have been warned five times in a vision of five consecutive freshets rising to different heights. The first, second and third were actually verified, she alleges, by the floods of '82, '83 and '84. Two yet remain to be accomplished, the time not given, but the amount certain. The first of these will exceed anything yet experienced; the second will leave nothing of the city above water except the tall steeples.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Robert H. Fogle, aged 97, the oldest man in Marion county, died in Lebanon this week.

—The Governor of Virginia has vetoed the bill reappointing the representation in Congress.

—At 3 o'clock yesterday morning the river at Cincinnati was 57 feet 1 inch and falling 2 inches per hour.

—The White Sulphur Springs property has been sold to W. A. Stewart for \$26,000.

—Louisville sends about a dozen representatives to the Legislature, and while most of them are lawyers, they are not equal to the task of drafting a bill for the assessment and collection of taxes in that city, but have met the emergency by authorizing the city to pay five other lawyers \$1,000 each to draft such a bill for submission to the Legislature. Incompetent legislators are very common, but so large a delegation never before unanimously excused their own incompetency.—*News Journal.*

any other part of this country where a young man would resent the charge of having kissed a pretty girl, particularly when his own narrative of the occurrence indicated that she rather liked it.

Every farmer, every merchant, every trader must have it. Subscribe at once. Remember, you get 104 papers and double the reading matter given by an ordinary weekly, for \$1.25 and it comes to you twice a week. Send the money to our agent in your county or remit direct to us.

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